

Interference

If you visit the big library in the Nottingham City Centre, and check out their newspaper records, you will actually find information about the events detailed here. This story takes place around 15 or 16 years ago. I was just 7 years old, and my cousin Dale, was around 9, maybe 10. He was staying with me while his mother was away looking after a sick relative.

Since I was an only child, I didn't have many toys, and my Sega Genesis was busted, and so we didn't have much things to do that were entertaining.

Our days consisted of watching cartoons on our cable television, followed by Dale telling me scary ghost stories at it turned night-time. My mother, sympathising with us, and wanting us to do something more active decided to purchase a pair of walkie talkies for us to play with. We had fun with them, journeying to a neighbouring Strelley Village, and hiding far apart in the woods, while the other person would try and find them by using the walkie talkie.

Since we were quite young however, we weren't allowed out of the house for very long, and so we had to be home by 5 P.M. We returned home later (about 6) and had our dinner. By this time it was around 7 P.M. We decided we would call it a night, and packed all of our toys away and got ready for bed. However, we didn't pack the walkie talkies away.

Dale was staying in the spare room, and I had my own room, and so we planned to talk to each other through the walkie talkies until we fell asleep. That's when we

heard the thing that would change us forever. It was about 11 at night, and we had been telling ghost stories over the walkie talkies for hours. All of a sudden, whilst Dale was telling me a story about a monster that supposedly haunts the same woods we had been at earlier in the day, his voice was cut off, and replaced with the usual static noise the walkie talkies produced when the talker had accidentally let go of the button used to speak. I waited for a few seconds for Dale to carry on speaking, when I heard a faint mumble coming from the small speaker.

"That's odd." I thought.

The speaker was still emitting static, but I could definately hear some kind of movement and speech. All of a sudden, the sound of crying could be heard through the static. This was very creepy to me, and so I dived out of my bed, and rushed to the room Dale was staying in. He was sat bolt upright in bed, also listening to his walkie talkie, which was emitting the same sounds, if not a second or so behind mine. The crying grew louder.

What is that?" Dale asked. "I thought you were playing a prank."

When I told him I wasn't, his face dropped. He switched his off. The sound still emitted from the walkie talkie I was holding in my hand, making it impossible for my walkie talkie to be picking up sound from his. "This is creepy," said Dale.

The crying and mumbles through the static seemed to get slightly clearer, and louder. I switched mine off too

and went back to bed. All kinds of ideas were flowing through my head. Perhaps I was picking up the sounds of the afterlife? Perhaps my walkie talkie were simply broken and producing weird sounds that just sounded like crying and mumbling? I tried not to think anything of it, and went to sleep.

I was awoken the next day by a massive bang which seemed to be coming from downstairs. It was around 6 in the morning, and I rushed downstairs to find my mother and cousin Dale looking out of the living room window at our neighbours house next door. A large Police van had pulled up outside, and our neighbour Jessie was being led outside by several officers. She was screaming profanities and insults, and even tried to run from the officers at one point before being pushed into the back of the van and handcuffed. We were shocked by what had happened, and generally confused.

Jessie had been a new neighbour, recently moving into the house next door with her baby after our old neighbour had died of old age. She had kept herself to herself, and as far as we had known she was very quiet, and didn't seem like the type of person that would be arrested for any reason. It wasn't until the next day when we recieved our daily newspaper that we found out what had happened.

Jessie had murdered her baby after apparently seeing horrible apparitions of an elderly person in her house that had tormented her for weeks and she had finally snapped and turned loopy. This wasn't the disturbing part though. The disturbing part was that fact that the baby monitor in the room the murder took place had been switched on

during the murder.

My cousin and I heard everything.